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Śrī Jayadeva's  
GĪTA-GOVINDA

THE LOVES OF  
KRSNA & RĀDHĀ

Rendered from the Sanskrit  
and illustrated

by  
GEORGE KEYT



KUTUB-POPULAR

© George Keyt

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TO  
LIONEL WENDT

Remembering An Old

Enthusiasm



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G. K.





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## PREFACE

As a love poem, and something between a lyric and a drama, the Gīta-Govinda stands unrivalled in Indian literature. The following work is a complete English version of this celebrated Sanskrit poem.

An endeavour has been made here to give a rough idea of the rhythm of the songs, as much, that is, as English syllables will permit—a literal rendering is impossible because English syllables are very different from the clear and consistently decisive syllables in Sanskrit. But in order to avoid too much freedom of translation and, in English, too great a sense of monotony, the rhymes have not been attempted.

The author of the Gīta-Govinda, Śrī Jayadeva, lived in the beginning of the 12th century of the Christian era. His birthplace was Kenduli—the Kindubilva of the poem—in Bengal, and his parents were Śrī Bhojadeva and Rāmādevī. He was the court poet of Lakṣmaṇasena, the last Hindu King of Bengal and a very devout adherent of the Vaiṣṇava cult, for at one time he nearly renounced the world for a life of asceticism, and it was only through divine intervention, it is said, that he decided to marry and remain a householder. Śrī Kṛṣṇa himself is supposed to have written for him a great deal of the poem. It is related, among the many legends about him, that the Ganges changed its course in order to flow near his house and enable him to bathe more conveniently in his old age.

The poet is publicly venerated to this day in Bengal, and a regular pilgrimage, on occasion, is made to his birthplace at Kenduli. But it is only through the Gīta-Govinda that he is known. The rest of his work seems to have been lost through his having resorted there to the Prakrit dialect.

The theme of the poem is Virahaduḥkha or the pain of separation in love; and seldom in Indian literature has this subject been presented so simply and at such length. There is no deviation, however, from those highly conventionalised expressions of emotion which must often seem strange to those to whom the sentiment of love has not the prestige of ancient tradition as in India, where the highest sensibility and the tenderest emotion and the most devoted attachment—at the cost sometimes of life itself—is possible without the adventitious aid of the mystical element, vague, indirect, aimless, and which separates the “carnal” from the “spiritual”. The physical aspect here is not something distinct from the spiritual, nor is it on that account a parallel in any sense whatever to the sort of love that is sexual in the manner of the “Ars Amatoria” and other such expressions of “profane” love in Europe. But on the contrary there is the endowment of the physical side with all the real and enduring qualities of the spiritual—a kind of synthesis not to be confused with the pathetic attempts at a synthesis to be found in modern guide books, religious and otherwise, to a happy state of matrimony. So that there is, in consequence, nothing trivial: the most fugitive emotion in love is important, and any little gesture or physical sensation; and the relationship and association of the surroundings—trees, flowers, birds—and the suitable hours and seasons, and the bodily adornments and the use of unguents and perfumes—and all this becomes typified. The conventions are an expression of emphasis; and the high artificiality or Alambkāra—so misjudged sometimes by Oriental scholars in Europe—is nothing but the only possible form of expression for such a realisation of the sentiment of love as it is known in Hindu India, basically so true to this day wherever there has been no shallow westernisation or complete divorce from tradition.

The hero of the Gīta-Govinda, Śrī Kṛṣṇa—whose amours are celebrated in this poem—was of the Yadu clan of the Rajputs. He was an incarnation of the god Viṣṇu, and he originally lived among herdsfolk, himself a herdsman, hidden away since his birth from his uncle, Kamsa, the unjust and cruel king of Mathurā, who was destined to die at the hands of this nephew of his. Kṛṣṇa, as in the following poem, is also known as Vāsudeva, Govinda, Hari, Keśava, Mādhava, Nanda’s son, Devaki’s son, etc.,

and as the destroyer or enemy of Kāṁsa, and such demons as Mura, Madhu, Keśi, Kuvalayāpīda and others. He was, as his name describes, dark in complexion, blue, like a storm cloud, being an incarnation of Viṣṇu, The personality and symbolism of this much loved deity, and the great Bhakti cult, were in times past among the most powerful and beautiful reactions, on the part of the people of India, to the bloodless abstractions of the Brahmins.

GEORGE KEYT

*Bombay,  
October, 1947*



# PRELUDE





The seat of whose heart is adorned by the grace of Speech  
And who is supreme in devotion to Padmāvati,  
Jayadeva the poet this poem created  
Composed of the stories of Śrī Vāsudeva's amorous play.

If in recalling Hari to mind there is flavour  
And if there is interest in love's art,  
Then to this necklace of words—sweetness, tenderness, brightness—  
The words of Jayadeva, listen !

For new meanings of words, Umāpati ; for pure words in poetic art,  
Alone Jayadeva ; praiseworthy is Śaraṇa ; peerless in knowledge of  
difficult feelings,  
The teacher Govardhana ; Dhoyi, renowned, is a lord of poets ;  
For highest love-sentiment, Śruti, as the true content of his technique.

*To the melody Mālava and the  
accompaniment Rūpaka*

In the flood of the sea of destruction the Vedas intact  
You upheld, as if in the loaded boat,  
O Keśava, you in the form of a fish—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

On your vast and very broad back the world with its weight  
Stood, impressing its weight as a disc,  
O Keśava, you in the form of a tortoise—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

Fixed on the points of your tusks the earth did dwell  
Resembling the digit of the moon,  
O Keśava, you in the form of a boar—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

Your lotus hand had a wonderful tip on the nail  
Which tore, as a bee, Hiranyakaśipu,  
O Keśava, you in the man-lion form—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

Bali you bravely deceived, O wonderful dwarf,  
Cleanser of people through the sweat of your toe nails,  
O Keśava, you in the form of the dwarf—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

In a bath of the water of warrior-blood the world  
You washed of its sin, allaying Life's fever,  
O Keśava, you as the Lord of Bhṛgu—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

In battle you offered around to the gods of the quarters  
Rāvaṇa—sacrifice pleasing, desirable—  
O Keśava, you with the body of Rāma—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

A blue robe you wore on your pure bright body like Jamna  
Arrived through fear of being killed by the plough,  
O Keśava, you as Balarāma—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

You despised all the Veda where slaughter of cattle is taught  
As ritual, O you of merciful heart,  
O Keśava, you in the form of the Buddha—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

For ending all aliens the sword intended you hold,  
As Dhūmaketu, the comet, frightful,  
O Keśava, you in the body of Kalki—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

To this utterance listen of Śrī Jayadeva the poet,  
Being's essence, auspicious, exalted, gladdening !  
O Keśava, you of the ten incarnations—  
Be triumphant, Hari, lord of the world !

\* \* \*

Who upheld the Vedas, supported the universe, bore up the world,  
Destroyed the Daityas, Bali deceived, broke militant force,  
Defeated Paulastya, made the plough, spread mercy, prevailed  
Over aliens ; homage, O Kṛṣṇa, who took on the ten incarnations !

2. *To the melody Gurjara and the  
accompaniment Nihṣāra*

Wearer of garlands of lotus flowers, pleasant, and of earrings,  
To Kamalā's rounded breasts resorting,  
Victorious be, O Hari !

Ornament of the orb'd day-jewel, being's Annihilator,  
Swan in the minds of the crowd of sages,  
Victorious be, O Hari !

Tamer of the Kāliya serpent, Pleasure of the people,  
Lotus-sun of the Yadu clan,  
Victorious be, O Hari !

Destruction of Naraka, Madhu, and Mura, the Garuḍa bird your seat,  
Cause of the play of the heavenly clan,  
Victorious be, O Hari !

Whose eyes are spotless petals of lotus, Cause of the triple earth,  
Liberation from existence,  
Victorious be, O Hari !

Adorned through whom was Janaka's daughter, through whom was Dūṣaṇa  
killed,  
Through whom in battle the ten-necked ended,  
Victorious be, O Hari !

In charm as a youthful autumn cloud, who seized the Mandara hill,  
Whose fair moon-face resembles the moon-bird's,  
Victorious be, O Hari !

Think in this wise, that we at your feet lie prostrate, fallen, consider !  
Prosperity, welfare make for us all !  
Victorious be, O Hari !

This glowing song, auspicious blessing, causing pleasure and gladness,  
Was made by the poet Śrī Jayadeva.  
Victorious be, O Hari !

\* \* \*

May that bosom—manifest passion—impressed, in embrace,  
With the saffron mark of Lakṣmī's full and palpitant breasts,  
That bosom, full of the sweat of exertion of passion,  
The bosom of Viṣṇu, lead your desire to satiety !

· I Sāmodadāmodarāḥ



In spring to Rādhā who walked the forest, given to following Kṛṣṇa,  
Rādhā whose limbs were tender like flowers in spring,  
Whom torture of maddening thoughts through the fever of love  
Hindered in movement, a friend thus tastefully said :

1. *To the melody Vasanta and the  
accompaniment Yatī*

In spring when tender Malayan breezes fondle the beautiful creepers of clove  
And huts and bowers resound with the mingled noise of bees and *kokila* birds  
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women folk —  
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring when the women of absent traders wail and lament, distracted  
with love,  
When swarms of bees on the tidy *bakula* branches fill the clustering flowers  
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women folk—  
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring when the violent odour of musk is the scent of the tender *tamāla*  
sprout,  
When the colour of *kimśuka* flowers, the nails of the love god's fingers, tears  
young hearts,  
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women folk—  
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !



In spring when the love lord's golden staff is seen in the colour of *keśara*  
flowers,  
When bees which come to the clustering *pātala* make that flower the quiver  
of love,  
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women folk—  
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring when youthful *karuṇa* trees\* look laughing at those who lose their  
shame,  
When spear-shaped boughs are studding the quarters, piercing those who are  
parted from love,  
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women folk—  
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring—the natural friend of the young—charming with fragrance of  
*mādhavikā*,  
And the jasmine scent, overpowering, swaying with folly the minds of even  
the sages,  
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women folk—  
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

In spring when blossoming mangoes thrill to the clasp of the tremulous  
vernal creepers,  
When the Vṛndāvana forest is cleansed by the water of Jamna meandering  
through the wood,  
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women folk—  
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

\* The *karuṇa* trees with their white blossoms.

This, the description—the forest in spring-time, delightful—threaded with  
phases of passion,  
The purpose of which is to recollect Hari, wells up in utterance of Śrī  
Jayadeva.  
Hari here in the forest dwells, in eager dance with the women folk—  
It is hard to endure being parted in spring, my friend !

\* \* \*

Attended by scent of opening *ketaki* flowers, clothing the forest with robes  
of silk—  
Pollen of clove vines—the wind here burns the heart like the gushing forth  
of the love god's life.

These days—when fevered ears re-echo with low-toned *kokilas*, crying of  
pigeons  
In play on mango sprouts shaken by bees gone greedily there for the smell  
of the honey—  
These days the travelling traders somehow spend, whose religious hour of  
thought  
Is given to memoried feelings of union with absent women dear as their lives.

To Rādhā this friend who was close to her spoke again pointing out Kṛṣṇa  
who stood within sight,  
Agitated through clasping so many women, eager for rapturous love.

Sandal and garment of yellow and lotus garlands upon his body of blue,  
In his dance the jewels of his ears in movement dangling over his smiling  
cheeks.

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

The wife of a certain herdsman sings as Hari sounds a tune of love  
Embracing him the while with all the force of her full and swelling breasts.  
Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

Another artless woman looks with ardour on Kṛṣṇa's lotus face  
Where passion arose through restless motion of playful eyes with sidelong  
glances.

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

Another comes with beautiful hips, making as if to whisper a word,  
And drawing close to his ear the adorable Kṛṣṇa she kisses upon the cheek.  
Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

Another on the bank of the Jamna, when Kṛṣṇa goes to a bamboo thicket,  
Pulls at his garment to draw him back, so eager is she for amorous play.  
Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

Hari praises another woman, lost with him in the dance of love,  
The dance where the sweet low flute is heard in the clamour of bangles on  
hands that clap.  
Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

He embraces one woman, he kisses another, and fondles another beautiful one,  
He looks at another one lovely with smiles, and starts in pursuit of another  
woman.

Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

May all prosperity spread from this, Śrī Jayadeva's famed and delightful  
Song of wonderful Keśava's secret play in the forest of Vṛndāvana !  
Hari here disports himself with charming women given to love !

With his limbs, tender and dark like rows of clumps of blue lotus flowers,  
By herd-girls surrounded, who embrace at pleasure, any part of his body,  
Friend, in spring beautiful Hari plays like Love's own self  
Conducting the love sport, with love for all, bringing delight into being.

The wind from the Malayan range seeks Śiva's mountain, to plunge in its  
coolness,  
As if tortured by heat from the coils of the serpents dwelling there in its caves\*  
And the voices, low-toned and loud, of the *kokilas* "kuhūḥ, kuhūḥ"  
Delightedly crying at sight of the buds on smooth mango-summits.

---

\* By reason of the sandal trees, among the roots of which snakes live.

May the smiling captivating Hari protect you, whom Rādhā, blinded by love,  
Violently kissed as she made as if singing a song of welcome saying,  
“Your face is nectar, excellent,” ardently clasping his bosom  
In the presence of the fair-browed herd-girls dazed in the sport of love !

## II Akleśakeśavaḥ



In careless love with any among the herd-girls when Hari dwelt in the  
forest,  
Rādhā, gone elsewhere, through broken pride and jealousy, gone to a  
thicket of creepers  
Noisy above with the humming of swarms of bees encircling over,  
Rādhā, hidden away and wasted in body, secretly said to her friend :

1. To the melody Gurjarī and the  
accompaniment Yatī

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in the pastoral  
dance,  
The sweet of whose nectar of lips kept flowing with notes of his luring  
melodious flute,  
With the play of whose eyes and the toss of whose head the earrings  
kept dangling upon his cheeks.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in the pastoral  
dance,  
Whose hair was encircled above with a circle of peacock feathers with  
moonlike eyes,  
Whose beautiful form was a heavy cloud with a perfect rainbow coloured  
above.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in the pastoral  
dance,  
Who had a desire for kissing the mouths of the *gopī* women with ample  
hips,  
Hari whose sprout-like lips were flowers of *bandhujīva*, fair with his smile.



I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in the pastoral  
dance,  
Whose thrilled and sprout-like arms with their hairs upstanding resembled  
the thousands of girls  
Around him, Hari who smote the night with the many gems on his hands  
and feet.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in the pastoral  
dance,  
Whose brow had a perfect sandal spot, as among dark clouds the disc of  
the moon,  
Whose door-like heart was without pity when crushing the bosoms of  
swelling breasts.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in the pastoral  
dance,  
Allaying their fear of sin who gathered together under the Kadamba tree,  
Pleasing me with his mind, with quivering looks as of bodiless Love\*  
embodied.

I remember Hari, the jests he made, who placed his sport in the pastoral  
dance,  
To whom recollection among the good the song now of Śrī Jayadeva  
induces,  
Recollection devout, Hari with Viṣṇu's deluding and charmingly lovely  
form.

\* \* \*

Desire even now in my foolish mind for Kṛṣṇa,  
For Kṛṣṇa—without me—lusting still for the herd-girls !  
Seeing only the good in his nature, what shall I do ?  
Agitated, I feel no anger ! Pleased without cause, I acquit him !

---

\* When Kāma the love god was reduced to ashes by Śiva he was known as Anaṅga, bodiless,

2. To the melody *Malavagauḍa* and the  
accompaniment *Ekataḷi*

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of Keśi, that  
Kṛṣṇa so fickle,  
Me who in darkness, unseen, to a thicket for house, departed with him,  
Dwelling concealed in a secret place with him, only to lose him thereafter  
And wander in anxious quest all over for him who laughs out his love.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of Keśi, that  
Kṛṣṇa so fickle,  
I who am shy like a girl on her way to the first of her trysts of love,  
He who is charming with flattering words, I who am tender  
In speech and smiling, he on whose hip the garment lies loosely worn.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of Keśi, that  
Kṛṣṇa so fickle,  
Me whose couch was of tender shoots beneath me, my bosom itself  
For long which served as a bed for him, for Kṛṣṇa the lips of whose  
mouth  
Resembled a drink in kissing me, clasped while we were in each other's  
embrace.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of Keśi, that  
Kṛṣṇa so fickle,  
Me who sweated and moistened all over my body with love's exertion,  
That Kṛṣṇa whose cheeks were lovely with down all standing on end as he  
thrilled,  
Whose half-closed eyes were languid, and restless who was in his brimming  
desire.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of Keśi, that  
Kṛṣṇa so fickle,  
Me whose masses of curls were like loose-slipping flowers, whose amorous  
words  
Were vague as of doves and *kokila* birds, that Kṛṣṇa whose bosom is marked  
With scratches, surpassing all in his love that the science of love could  
teach.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of Keśi, that  
Kṛṣṇa so fickle,  
To whose act of desire accomplished the anklets upon my feet bejewelled  
Vibrated sounding, who gave his kisses seizing the hair of the head,  
And to whom in his passionate love my girdle sounded in eloquence  
sweet.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of Keśi, that  
Kṛṣṇa so fickle,  
Whose lotus eyes had closed a little, and who had drowsily grown—  
Having tasted in bodily pleasure with me the shattering thrill in the end,  
With me whose vine-like body collapsed, unable to bear any more.

O make him enjoy me, my friend, that haughty destroyer of Keśi, that  
Kṛṣṇa so fickle,  
And may he playfully make more pleasure, sung here by Śrī Jayadeva  
Describing his many and endless amours with amorous *gopī* women.

\* \* \*

In the forest I see—I am thrilled—Govinda surrounded by herd-girls, his  
love-flute fallen;  
At the girls with their arched eyebrows glancing, Govinda moist with sweat  
on his cheeks,  
At seeing me an embarrassed nectar of a smile on his sweet face.

In the distance, my friend, the sight of the clustering buds of *aśoka*  
creepers distresses,  
And the wind from over the gardens and lakes, and the opening of buds  
on the mango tops  
Alive with the humming of bees; so pleasant, no pleasure to me.

May Kṛṣṇa in this his unusual aspect, gazing a long while into the mind,  
Cleanse you of that sin which is seen in the pleasure of infatuated hearts  
And in the meaning smiles and loosening dishevelled hair, in the gleam of  
the surging of herd-girls,  
In their wanton raising of arms above their arm-pits to display their breasts.



### **III   Mugdhamadhusūdanah**



Kaṁsa's enemy, abandoning the herd-girls, placed Rādhā in his heart,  
Rādhā as a chain through relation to the robe of the world, Shri Kṛṣṇa.

Kṛṣṇa repentant, his heart scarred by shafts of the love god, went about  
looking for Rādhā,  
Searching all over, full of dejection, he went to a bower on the banks of the  
Jamna.

1. *To the melody Gurjarī and the  
accompaniment Yati*

Rādhā so deeply wronged, troubled to see me surrounded by women,  
She went, and I, in the fear of my guilt, made no attempt to stop her.  
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

Parted so long, now what will she do if I see her ? What will she say ?  
What of wealth any more ? What use of the herd-girls ? Why continue to  
live ?  
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

I think of that face of hers, wrathful, eyebrows crooked, knitted in anger,  
A crimson lotus clouded beneath the bees which keep hovering over it !  
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !



She who has come to my heart, I sport her always with warmth and  
fervour.

Why follow her here in the forest now? Why mourn in vain and lament?  
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

O my slender one, I imagine your heart is dejected through anger of me—  
I cannot console you kneeling in homage, I know not where to find you!  
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

As if inconstant, coming and going, so you appear before me.  
The ardent embrace you used to give me, O why not give it again ?  
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

If you pardon me now I shall never repeat this neglect of you ever—  
O beautiful, give me your pleasure again, I burn with desire !  
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

This of Hari alone is a song by the famed Jayadeva,  
Who arose, as out of the ocean the moon, from the village of Kindubilva.  
Alas, alas, she is gone in anger, her love destroyed !

•

•

•

Not the king of serpents this lotus necklace upon my bosom,  
Not the gleam of poison upon my neck this chain of blue lotus,  
Not ash this unguent of sandal dust upon me ;  
Mistake me not for Śiva,\* O love god, assail not me !

---

\* Allusion to Kāma's assault on the ascetic God in order to inflame him with love for Pārvatī.

O love god, you who won conquering all through play,  
O not in your bow place your arrow, this mango sprout, not in your hand !  
What valour destroying the weakened ?

My mind—through the pain of those other arrows of Love, the looks of the  
deer-eyed Rādhā—  
I assure you, smarts me still !

On Rādhā, embodying his victory, Love, who conquers all things  
Placed his bow, her sprout-like eyebrows; his arrows, her fluttering glances;  
His bow-string, the tips of the curves of her ears;—the weapons of Love.

So your arrow of eye-play placed on your bow of an eyebrow wounds me;  
Death's work is done too, my slender one, by your curly black tresses;  
Your lip, like a *bimba* fruit, but infatuates further;  
And your bosom, so chaste, how it ravages playing with my life !

These are with her the pleasures of being intimate :  
The charms vibrant and moist of her eyes and the scent of her lotus mouth,  
The ambiguous sweet nectar-dripping of her words and the sweetness of her  
*bimba* lips ;  
On these the mind dwelling attached, even so is increased the pain of being  
parted.

May welfare befall you from waves of sidelong glances  
The love god's looks in Rādhā's moon of a face  
Artlessly sweet, and of nectar, disclosed by the signs of the women who  
send their devotion  
To the shining place of his flute, of him with his swaying head, whose  
earrings keep dangling across his neck !

## IV Snigdhamadhusūdanah



In a bamboo clump by the side of the Jamna  
To Mādhava seated troubled and sad  
Little Rādhā's confidante said :

*1. To the melody Karṇāta and the  
accompaniment Ekatālī*

She despises using her unguent of sandal, she is pale as moonbeams, she  
discovers sorrow,  
Frail she grows, intangible; Malayan breezes act like poison upon her.  
She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden;  
She wastes away, Mādhava, parted from you !

Armour she makes of tender lotus garlands to hide her bosom from you,  
Large garlands, as if to protect you from heavy showers of shafts from the  
god of love.  
She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden;  
She wastes away, Mādhava, parted from you !

Full of seductive art she makes and prepares, as a rite, a bed of flowers,  
A couch for the rapture of your embrace, of flowers like heads of the  
arrows of Love.  
She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden;  
She wastes away, Mādhava, parted from you !

Like the moon with its streams of nectar welling when rent by the teeth  
of the frightful Rāhu,\*

So her face a lotus she bears, so proud and heavy and streaming with  
troubled tears.

She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;

She wastes away, Mādhava, parted from you !

She depicts you in secret, with a piece of musk for pencil, you her Kāma,  
her Love,

As the god of love—the monster beneath, the mango sprout in your hand—  
and worships.

She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;

She wastes away, Mādhava, parted from you !

You are very remote, to be summoned before her only in spirit, through  
dwelling upon you ;

She laments, she laughs, she is gloomy, she is restless and walks, she  
releases her sorrow.

She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;

She wastes away, Mādhava, parted from you !

She says, “At your feet I am fallen, O Mādhava ! Long as averted your  
face is from me

Not even a store of nectar may soothe, but tend to increase the fire of  
my fever.”

She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden ;

She wastes away, Mādhava, parted from you !

\* The moon in eclipse.

This poem of Śrī Jayadeva, containing the words of the friend of the herd-girl Rādhā

Who sorrowed in Hari's absence, should be acted if real delight is sought.  
She fears an attack of Love upon you, and lies away hidden;  
She wastes away, Mādhava, parted from you !



Her house into a forest she turns, and into a noose the garlands change,  
Even the garlands given to her by her cherished friend ;  
The warmth of her body her gasping breath has fanned into flames;  
She has taken the form of a doe through the pain of your absence,  
And, alas, how Love like a tiger in sport, acts upon her like death !

2. *To the melody Deśākha and the  
accompaniment Ekatālī*

The wasted one feels heavy upon her  
The haughty necklace, though placed on her bosom—  
O Keśava, Rādhikā parted from you !

The sandal unguent, soft and delicate,  
She suspects to be poison upon her body—  
O Keśava, Rādhikā parted from you !

Like the burning heat of the fire of passion  
Her heavy breathing radiates heat—  
O Keśava, Rādhikā parted from you !



All sides she throws her lotus eye,  
Stalkless, casting a net of tear drops—  
O Keśava, Rādhikā parted from you !

She parts not her cheek from the palm of her hand,  
Her cheek like the new moon, quiet, at evening—  
O Keśava, Rādhikā parted from you !

To the eye so pleasant, of flowers, her couch  
She fancies to be the bed of a furnace—  
O Keśava, Rādhikā parted from you !

Embodying that death through the pain of being parted  
She moans always muttering “Hari, Hari,”—  
O Keśava, Rādhikā parted from you !

May it bring more bliss, this Śrī Jayadeva’s  
Song that has reached the foot of Keśava !  
O Keśava, Rādhikā parted from you !

\* \* \*

The down on her body stands on end, and she draws in her breath, a hissing  
sigh ;  
She laments, she shivers, she swoons, she sinks into reverie, laughs and cries ;  
She closes her eyes, she starts up, she droops ; and if you, a heavenly  
physician,  
Should calm down her high state of fever, O would she not live? or her  
wordless gestures too she will end !

More cruel than a thunderbolt you if you cure not with nectarlike touch of  
your body  
The disease of Rādhā, O you Viṣṇu dear to the Aśvins, physicians of heaven.

Her body is wholly tormented by the heat of the flame of desire ;  
Her mind, when even at times in thoughts of the moon and sandal and  
lotus,  
Even then it is still exhausted, uncooled—most strange to relate !

But only of you, so loved, she thinks in her languor,  
Your extinguishing body ; secluded she waits all wasted-  
A short while, perhaps, surviving she lives.

Formerly even a moment when weary she closed her eyes,  
The moment's parting she could not endure, from the sight of you ;  
And now in this long separation, O how does she breathe  
Having seen the flowery branch of the mango, the shaft of Love?

To you who hear this poem may welfare be given by the arm of Kamsa's  
destroyer,  
That arm of the herdsman which pulled up and held over terrified herdsfolk  
the hill of Govardhana  
To shield them from rain, the wrath of Indra,  
That arm a long while kissed by the herd-girls beloved, in their joy,  
And marked with the red of their lips, the red like the issuing pride of the  
arm !



## V Sākāṅkṣapūṇḍarikākāṣaḥ



“I stay here ; you go to Rādhā ; conciliate her with my words, and bring her !”

1 To the melody *Deśavaradi* and the  
accompaniment *Rūpaka*

Give his place in your heart to Hari, when the poet Jayadeva has spoken,  
Your heart full of passion because of this poem which sings of love's  
separation.

He droops, separated from you, O friend, the wearer of garlands !

Again in the grove of the love-god, Mādhava dwells on the past events of  
his amours—

His amours with you—and ceaselessly mutters, repeating the talks between  
you ;

And yearns for that nectar again, the embrace of your breasts like pitchers.

2. *To the melody Gurjarī and the  
accompaniment Ekatālī*

He has gone into the trysting place, full of all desired bliss, O you of lovely  
hips, delay no more !

O go forth now and seek him out, him the master of your heart, him  
endowed with passion's lovely form.

He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the gentle  
breezes there,

The swelling breasts of *gopi* girls who crushes ever with his restless hands.

Softly on his flute he plays, calling to the meeting place, naming it with  
notes and saying where;  
And the pollen by the breezes borne, the breezes which have been on you,  
that pollen in his sight has high esteem.  
He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the gentle  
breezes there,  
The swelling breasts of *gopi* girls who crushes ever with his restless hands.

On fallen feathers of the birds, on leaves about the forest floor, he lies  
excited making there his bed,  
And he gazes out upon the path, looks about with trembling eyes, anxious,  
looking out for your approach.  
He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the gentle  
breezes there,  
The swelling breasts of *gopi* girls who crushes ever with his restless hands.

Depart, my friend, now to that grove, impenetrable in its dark, and put upon  
your cloak of black ;  
Discard the anklets on your feet, betraying—noisy timid foes—which dance  
with clatter in the sport of love !  
He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the gentle  
breezes there,  
The swelling breasts of *gopi* girls who crushes ever with his restless hands.

O you with your complexion fair, Hari's breast will make you shine, that  
cloud with necklace as of fluttering cranes,  
And there where merit-fruit is eaten, lightning you will seem in radiance,  
Kṛṣṇa then in love-play lying beneath you !



He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the gentle  
breezes there,  
The swelling breasts of *gopi* girls who crushes ever with his restless hands.

There on that bed of tender leaves, O lotus-eyed, embrace his hips, his  
naked hips from whence the girdle drops.  
Those hips from whence the garment falls, those loins which are a treasure  
heap, the fountain and the source of all delight !  
He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the gentle  
breezes there,  
The swelling breasts of *gopi* girls who crushes ever with his restless hands.

O act according to my words, and satisfy with no delay the longing in the  
love of Hari now !  
Or otherwise now, like the ceasing of this night close on its end, that  
haughty one's desire will cease for you.  
He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the gentle  
breezes there,  
The swelling breasts of *gopi* girls who crushes ever with his restless hands.

O worship Hari, to be welcomed in resembling merit, and who shows so  
much of mercy to  
His devotee, the poet Śrī Jayadeva, who now makes this utterance of a very  
lovely song !  
He dwells, the garland wearer, in the forest by the Jamna, in the gentle  
breezes there,  
The swelling breasts of *gopi* girls who crushes ever with his restless hands.

Among couples drunken with lust and gone with adulterous intent, attained  
to confusion, indulging in talk,  
What shameless delights are there not in the darkness, after embracing and  
scratching and rousing desire and kissing,  
After excitement, and starting the actions fulfilling desire !

O lovely face, the adorable one after seeing how you cast your trembling  
and fearful glances along the darkened road,  
Pausing at every tree, tardily walking, arriving in secret, your limbs in  
motion like waves of Love,  
May he then realise his desire !

On the sweet and lotus-like face of Rādhā, he who resembles a bee,  
Devaki's son, as a blue gem fit for the crests of the lords of the triple world,  
He who is death to the lords of the earth,  
And among the herd-girls whenever he wishes a source of pleasure-  
disturbance,  
And to Kāmsa the star of destruction ; may he protect you !



## Vl Dainyavaikunthakunkumah



Then the friend having seen in a bower Rādhā—  
unable to move, her passion abiding—  
Went to Govinda, who was maddened with longing, and said

1. *To the melody Gondakārī and the  
accompaniment Rūpaka*

In secret on every side she sees you  
Drinking the honied sweet of her lips.  
Lord Hari, where Rādhā stays now she wilts away !

Her ardour breaks out at the thought of a tryst—  
She totters a few steps forward and falls.  
Lord Hari, where Rādhā stays now she wilts away !

She may live no longer without your skill,  
She who wears bracelets of white lotus fibres.  
Lord Hari, where Rādhā stays now she wilts away !

Her attention then to love-ornaments drawn,  
“I am Viṣṇu,” she says and lives thus acting.  
Lord Hari, where Rādhā stays now she wilts away !

Again and again she keeps telling her friend,  
“O why must Hari delay to come ?”  
Lord Hari, where Rādhā stays now she wilts away !

The mighty darkness resembling a cloud,  
As if Hari's arrival, she clasps and kisses.  
Lord Hari, where Rādhā stays now she wilts away !

Ready for her lover, with shame all gone,  
She moans, she cries, because you delay.  
Lord Hari, where Rādhā stays now she wilts away !

Where people delight in song may joy  
Be spread by this poem of Śrī Jayadeva !  
Lord Hari, where Rādhā stays now she wilts away !

\* \* \*

Cast into such a troubled condition of love by you, O you rogue,  
That deer-eyed one, submerged in the sea of love, sits given to gloom ;  
She is full of alarm, she utters indrawn sighs,  
Nonsense she talks, and she moans ; because of her love for you.

Of her jewels abundant her limbs she adorns, and spreads out her bed —  
Imagining you on her fluttering couch of leaves—  
And so to indulge, in a hundred ways, in the sport of love  
She is full" resolved, arranging her bed with every adornment ;  
Not another night may that beautiful girl endure without you !

Wherefore such apathy, Kṛṣṇa, beside the fig tree ?  
O brother, why not go to the pasture of eyes, the abode of bliss ?  
Of Govinda, cherishing that message concerning Rādhā, may the suitable  
songs of welcome for guests at evening prevail !

## VII Nāgarānārāyaṇaḥ





Then the moon, as a sandal spot on the face of the maiden the sky,  
Like one with the guilt of obstructing the passage of secret love,  
Brightens, flooding with light of a network of beams,  
The open spaces among the leaves of the wood of Vṛndāvana.

As the moon's disc, bearing the hare, began to arise and Mādhava still  
delayed,  
She, most wretched in anguish, began to lament :

1. *To the melody Mālava and the  
accompaniment Yati*

He fails to come to the wood at the time appointed, alas !  
My spotless beauty of youth without blemish—all useless this !  
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

When I went to the tryst at night, to the thicket, looking for him,  
Then with the cruel arrows of love was this heart of mine studded.  
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

Death as a blessing will come to me, whose tryst has been broken ;  
How can I bear the fire of being parted ? I stay in a stupor !  
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

Alas this night, though tender and pleasant, but makes me wretched—  
A fortunate woman now lies, perhaps, in Hari's enjoyment.  
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

These bangles of mine and the rest of my jewels seem faulty  
Because of enduring the flame of being parted from Hari, alas !  
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

The garland upon my heart gives pain to my flower-soft body  
With the heavy play of the very venomous arrows of love.  
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

Madhu's destroyer has no recollection of me, he forgets me ;  
Here I linger with no desire for the bamboo bowers.  
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

Sarasvati, goddess of Jayadeva the protected of Hari,  
May she dwell in your heart like a girl who is tender and skilful !  
O to whom shall I go, deceived by the words of my friends ?

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My lover has failed to come to the trysting place, the bower of beautiful  
*vañjula* creepers ;  
It is perhaps that his mind is dazed, or perhaps that he went to another  
woman,  
Or lured perhaps by festive folk, that he delays,  
Or perhaps along the dark fringe of the forest he wanders lost.

Seeing the despairing and silent return of her friend, arriving alone,  
Rādhā imagined she clearly saw the people's tormentor disporting himself  
With another, a beautiful woman, and said :

2. *To the melody Vasanta and the  
accompaniment Yati*

Dressed for the occasion in the customary garb of love,  
Her hair all dishevelled and the flowers there all disarranged—  
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the enemy  
of Madhu.

Transformed into another being, it seems, by the embrace of Hari,  
All quivering the necklaces upon her breast curved like a jar—  
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the enemy  
of Madhu.

Her face, a moon, is fondled by the fluttering petals in her hair,  
The exciting moisture of his lips induces languor in her limbs—  
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the enemy of  
Madhu.

Her earrings bruise her cheeks while dancing with the motion of her head,  
Her girdle by the tremor of her moving hips is made to tinkle—  
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the enemy of  
Madhu.

She laughs because she gets embarrassed when she looks upon her lover,  
In many ways she utters senseless sounds, through fever of her love—  
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the enemy of  
Madhu.

Very great her wide and wave-like tremor of upstanding hairs,  
Very large her passion blossoms with the closing of her eyes—  
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the enemy of  
Madhu.

Beautiful her body with the drops of sweat through love's exertion,  
She who is unswerving in love's conflict, fallen on his breast—  
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the enemy of  
Madhu.

May the sport of Hari's amours in the song of Śrī Jayadeva  
Bring completely to an end the sins of this the age of Kali—  
A certain girl, excelling in her charms unrivalled, dallies with the enemy of  
Madhu.

Like the lotus face of Mura's foe this moon in radiance,  
Pale through a separation that surpasses usual pain,  
And, in alliance with the god of love,  
Spreads all throughout my heart the anguish of desire.

3. *To the melody Gurjārī and the  
accompaniment Ekatālī*

A brow-mark on a lovely woman's lovely face he makes with musk, as if it  
were the deer-mark on the moon,  
And passion there begins to rise within that face whose lips are thrilled  
beneath the kisses over them that smother.  
In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy, defeating me  
today.

He decorates with crimson flowers her curly tresses, curls which are upon  
her lively face a mass of clouds,  
Flowers with crimson flashings lovely in the forest of her tresses, haunt of  
that wild creature love's desire.  
In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy, defeating me  
today.

Around the spacious heaven of her firm breasts besmeared with musk  
adorned with hare-shaped marks made with his nails,  
He winds about and fastens there upon her neck the necklaces, of pure and  
precious pearls the necklaces.  
In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy, defeating me  
today.

Diamond bracelets that resemble bees in clusters he puts upon her hands so  
snowy and so tender and so cool,  
Her hands with tender lotus palms surpassing in their smoothness the  
tenderness of stalks of lotuses.  
In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy, defeating me  
today.

A girdle set with jewels, like a festal wreath, he binds around her large and  
lovely hips, her ample loins,  
From whence her thighs, clothed modestly, are always as the home of  
Love and where upon his golden throne Love sits.  
In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy, defeating me  
today.

Upon her lotus stalks of feet he smears lac, as if they are being covered by  
an outer garment there,  
Her feet adorned with toe-nails as of gems, and to the heart of him  
attached with love whose home is Kamalā.  
In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy, defeating  
me today.

While with some girl of lovely eyes Hala's that wicked brother sports, tell  
me, O my friend, wherefore must I  
Keep dwelling here so uselessly, here beneath this branch, and without  
taste for all the pleasures of desire?  
In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy, defeating me  
today.

Acquired in this Kali age may no sin abide in him, that prince of poets who  
is Jayadeva,  
Whose place to Madhu's slayer is devotion, and who glows with taste,  
praising all the qualities of Hari!  
In a forest on an island in the Jamna he sports, Mura's enemy, defeating me  
today.

O my friend, if that heartless rogue has failed to come,  
Why, O my messenger, should you be anxious!  
If he sports, the much beloved, as he pleases, how may the fault be yours?  
Know that this heart of mine,  
Drawn into union, drawn by his virtue to him my lover,  
Will go of itself to him, breaking through the pain of my longing!

4. *To the melody Deśavarīdi and the  
accompaniment Rūpaka*

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,  
With him, as in a wind blue lotuses, whose eyes are tremulous,  
Not scorched is she, my friend, by the couch of flowers!

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,  
With him whose lovely mouth is like a lotus that is opening,  
Not rent is she, my friend, by the arrows of desire !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,  
With him whose words are nectar in their sweetness and their tenderness,  
Not burnt is she, my friend, by the sandal-scented breeze !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,  
With him whose hands and feet resemble flowers of red hibiscuses,  
Not writhing she, my friend, in the furnace of the moon !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,  
With him who flashes, as of heavy clouds of rain a gathering,  
Not torn in heart is she, my friend, through love in separation !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,  
With him who wears a garment streaked with gold, all white and beautiful,  
Not made to sigh is she, my friend, derided by her girls !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,  
With him the first of all young men throughout the world, the very  
foremost,  
Not in a way most pitiful, my friend, must she bear pain !

She who with the wearer of the garland lies in dalliance,  
With him she sports, that Hari, he whose words are sung by Jayadeva  
Through which may Hari enter in your heart !

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O brother of the love god, O breeze of sandal blowing from the south,  
Be gracious, not unfavourable !  
O breath of the world, present before me Mādhava but for a moment only  
And take away then the breath of my life !

In his absence, like the presence of an enemy my friends are to me ;  
Like fire the cold wind burns, and the moon burns like poison ;  
His absence of passion quite breaks my heart ;  
And distasteful to me the desire unrestrained of the other lotus-eyed  
women.

Torment me, O Malayan breeze, O five-arrowed one,\* O taker of lives,  
I shall not go home again !  
O sister of death, graciously sprinkle my limbs with your waves,  
And then extinguish the fire of my body !

With the contours of her firm breasts showing in the yellow jacket  
beneath,  
Among a group of friends Rādhā cloaked in blue in the morning  
He sees, and laughs with no restraint,  
Filling her face all over with sidelong glances, trembling with shame,  
Nanda's son ; may he delight the world !

\* Kāma, the love god.

## VIII Vilakṣalakṣmīpatih



Then having, somehow passed the night, and withered by the arrow  
of love,  
She reproachfully said to her lover at dawn, though he bowed in her  
presence imploring with soothing words:

1. *To the melody Bhairavī and the  
accompaniment Yati*

By breaking so much rest at night, his eyes today look very reddened, and  
resemble passion in their colour,  
His eyes the abode of drowsiness, and showing his addiction to desire  
that so readily awakens.  
Alas! Alas! Go, Mādhava! Go, Keśava! Desist from uttering these  
deceitful words!  
Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble, go to her!

Your mouth, O Kṛṣṇa, darkened, enhances—making beautiful—the crimson  
beauty of your lovely body,  
Enhances with a darkness, a blackness that arises from the kissing of  
eyes coloured with black unguent.  
Alas! Alas! Go Mādhava! Go, Keśava! Desist from uttering these  
deceitful words!  
Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble, go to her!

Like a letter that declares the victory of love, and done in silver and in gold  
and set with gems,  
So your body now assumes the look—with scars of love-war marked upon  
it, scratches made there by her fingernails.  
Alas! Alas! Go Mādhava! Go, Keśava! Desist from uttering these  
deceitful words!  
Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble, go to her!

As if upon the tree of love, its foliage, the patches there, the coverings of  
the tender leaves and sprouts,  
So on this haughty breast of yours the patches here, the markings from the  
red of lac made by her lotus foot.  
Alas! Alas! Go, Mādhava! Go, Keśava! Desist from uttering these deceitful  
words!  
Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble, go to her!

Made by her tooth the bruise, an imprint, on your lip I see, makes pain for  
me, gives anguish to my mind;  
And your body—does it not proclaim that you are no more mine, that you  
have parted now from me, that you have changed?  
Alas! Alas! Go, Mādhava! Go, Keśava! Desist from uttering these  
deceitful words!  
Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble, go to her!

I who follow you devoted—how can you deceive me, so tortured by  
love's fever as I am?  
O Kṛṣṇa, like the look of you, your body which appears so black,  
that heart of yours a blackness shall assume!  
Alas! Alas! Go, Mādhava! Go, Keśava! Desist from uttering these  
deceitful words!  
Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble, go to her!

In your wanderings through the forest the way you ravish women, O what  
is there so wonderful in that?  
The Pūtanikā yakṣī proclaims to all your feat of youth—in your pitiless  
destruction of the women!  
Alas! Alas! Go, Mādhava! Go, Keśava! Desist from uttering these deceitful  
words!  
Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble, go to her!

Let those who understand give ear to this—the lamentation, the wail of  
women destitute in love,  
The grief of being neglected, sung by Śrī Jayadeva, in heaven even rare and  
sweet as nectar.  
Alas! Alas! Go, Mādhava! Go, Keśava! Desist from uttering these  
deceitful words!  
Follow her, you lotus-eyed, she who can dispel your trouble, go to her!

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The sight of your flow of a love of a bosom aglow with patches of lac from  
the foot of your sweetheart  
Causes my shame to take the place of my sorrow born of my great  
love being destroyed.

May blessings be bestowed by the sound of the flute of Kāṁsa's foe,  
The sound of the flute removing the difficult grief of the gods by the  
dānavas humbled,  
The sound of the flute, the great invitation to the deer-eyed women,  
stirring, delighting, and making them bold,  
The sound bringing down from the crests of the dwellers of heaven,  
swaying with pleasure, the mandāra flowers!



## IX Mugdhamukundah





Then to Rādhā—after the quarrel, depressed over Hari's behaviour,  
Wounded by longing, afflicted by love, her friend said in secret :

1. *To the melody Gurjara and the  
accompaniment Yati*

In the blowing of a gentle breeze Hari departs for the tryst ;  
What greater pleasure than this, my friend, to be found in the world  
anywhere ?  
Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mādhava, haughty woman !

Your beautiful breast with its shape like a jar, why should it serve no end,  
Your breast so full of passion and firmer than fruits of the palmyra  
palm ?  
Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mādhava, haughty woman !

That exceedingly charming one, avoid him not, that beautiful Hari !  
Through every stage of your love, and now, how much have I spoken  
of this !  
Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mādhava, haughty woman !

Why are you cast down, why do you sob and cry, why so dejected ?  
Your friends, they make merry over you, all the girls, they laugh in  
derision !  
Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mādhava, haughty woman !

Cause your eyes to do their work by seeing Hari beside you,  
Hari, lying in your bed, all cool, of lotus petals moist.  
Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mādhava, haughty woman !

Why allow this heavy sorrow and grief to arise in your heart ?  
Listen to me what I have to say, to my words of good advice.  
Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mādhava, haughty woman !

Let Hari meet you, allow him to speak to you in tender words ;  
How are you able to make his heart so full of pain and so wretched ?  
Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mādhava, haughty woman !

May Hari's behaviour, very charming, sung by Śrī Jayadeva,  
Increase among the people of taste their happiness and pleasure !  
Alas, put an end to this pride towards Mādhava, haughty woman !

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Because you are cruel to one who loves you, unbending to one who  
bows, angry with one who desires, averting your face from  
this your lover,  
Therefore, perverted one, that unguent is poison, that moon is the sun  
that burns, that snow is fire, and the pleasure of sport is  
punishment ;  
And that all this should be so, it is only right !

Let us worship for sin's destruction Śrī Govinda's lotus foot, like the  
flow of the Ganges thick, as it were, with the juice of flowers,  
With the hosts of heaven, for bees, Indra and all the others, delighted,  
with blue sapphires in their crests, and bowing in deep  
devotion.

## X Caturacaturbhujaḥ



Then in the day's decline when Rādhā—softened in anger, weak in restraint  
against her ceaseless sighs—  
Was awaiting the message her friend would bring, Hari with faltering  
steps of joy, shyly went to that beautiful one and said :

1. *To the melody Deśavarādī and the  
accompaniment Aṣṭa*

If you speak but a little the moon-like gleam of your teeth will destroy the  
darkness frightful, so very terrible, come over me ;  
Your moon of a face which glitters upon my eye, the moonbird's eye, now  
makes me long for the sweet of your lips.  
O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me !  
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so sweet of  
your lotus face !

O you with beautiful teeth, if you are in anger against me, strike me then  
with your finger nails, sharp and like arrows,  
Bind me, entwining, with the cords of your arms, and bite me then with  
your teeth, and feel happy punishing !  
O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me !  
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so sweet of  
your lotus face !

You are my life, and you are my ornament, you are the jewel, the gem, in  
the depth of the ocean of all my being,  
So be gracious to me, and thus continue to be, and my heart shall always  
endeavour to be most worthy of you !  
O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me !  
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so sweet of  
your lotus face !

O slender one, in your anger today even your eye, a blue lotus, assumes  
now the look of a crimson lotus;  
But if through the power of the flower-arrowed one, the love god, you make  
the blue Kṛṣṇa crimson that action is only right !  
O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me !  
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so sweet of  
your lotus face !

Let the radiant cluster of gems that glitter upon your jar-shaped breast  
make bright the region of your heart !  
Let your girdle upon the swelling curve of your hips so firm make a  
tinkling sound, proclaiming Love's command !  
O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me !  
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so sweet of  
your lotus face !

O you with your gentle voice, but speak ! With lac I shall redden the soles  
of your feet and make them glisten with oil,  
Your pair of feet surpassing hibiscus flowers, delighting my heart, your feet  
unrivalled in amorous play.  
O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me !  
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so sweet of  
your lotus face !

As an ornament place upon my head your proud and stalk-like feet, as a  
cure for the venom of desire !  
O let your feet remove the change now made by the pitiless fire of love,  
which burns and which destroys !  
O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me !  
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing ; give me that drink so sweet of  
your lotus face !

All this song with these words of Mura's foe, adorned with the beautiful  
speech of the poet Jayadeva,  
Tender and skilful and full of delight, prevails, having won over Rādhā,  
and flattering haughty women.  
O loved one, O beautiful, give up that baseless pride against me !  
My heart is burnt by the fire of longing; give me that drink so sweet of  
your lotus face !

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Abandon your fears, O anxious one, but for the love god—that bodiless  
one—none is so blest as to enter my heart, tenanted ever by  
you with your hips and breasts so firm.  
When you embrace me, my sweetheart, inflict upon me then, as a penalty,  
all the things that result in the bondage of that embrace !

Pressing upon me your breasts so hard, entwining me with your vine-like  
arms, biting me with your merciless teeth, inflict upon me,  
foolish one, the suitable penalty !  
Then through the blows of Love—that base one, the five-arrowed—my  
life will depart from me, you rogue, and you shall be happy !

A cure unfailing, O moon-face one, is the nectar of your lips,  
A cure for destroying the fear in the hearts of the young men who see in  
their infatuation your eyebrow-curve as a deadly serpent.

To no purpose, O slender one, you pain me with silence ! Make music,  
O you of sweet notes, and dispel my heat with your glances !  
O you of the beautiful face, but give up aversion to me, to me your lover,  
sweet one, so tenderly waiting on you; elude not me !



Your lips are one with the colour of *bandhūka* blossoms, and the tender skin of your cheek, you rogue, gleams pale like the *madhūka* flower;

The beautiful blue of the lotus is shown in your eyes; your nose resembles the sesamum flower;

And altogether, O loved one, with you, O you with your teeth of jasmine, the god whose weapons are flowers conquers the world with the hosts of your face!

With your languorous eyes, your glistening mouth like the moon, your gait the delight of the people, your thighs excelling the trunk of the plantain;

With your skilful amorous play, with the sweet and beautiful streaks of your eyebrows;

How wonderful, slender one, though on earth, the way you bear in your person the nymphs of heaven!\*

May that Hari, bestow more happiness, that Hari who met the Kuvalayāpida demon in battle and saw in the jar-shaped hands of the demon the likeness of Rādhā's breasts, and sweated and closed his eyes a moment;

So that Kāmsa, deluded, began to cry, "Subdued! He is conquered! He is overcome!"

\* An elaborate pun here, untranslatable, giving the names of the nymphs.

## XI Sānandadāmodarah



At nightfall, which robs one of sight, when Keśava, suitably clothed, after  
soothing the deer-eyed one, and gone to the thicket,  
A certain young woman said to Rādhā—who was cheerful now and had put  
on her jewels and looked like the sun :

1. *To the melody Vasanta and the  
accompaniment Yatī*

Who made a song of coaxing words, bowing at your feet in homage,  
And gone now to the lovely clump of bamboos, to the bed of passion,  
O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now, O Rādhā,  
Madhu's slayer !

O you who bear the weight of heavy thighs and heavy breasts, come hither  
With tardy tread that shames the goose and with your jewelled anklets  
tinkling,  
O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now, O Rādhā,  
Madhu's slayer !

Listen to his lovely noise, infatuating, end your yearning  
Where the flocks of cuckoos praise the reign of him whose bow is  
flowers !  
O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now, O Rādhā,  
Madhu's slayer !

O you with thighs like elephant trunks, these creepers with their hands  
aflutter,  
Their tendrils waving in the wind, appear to ask you to the meeting !  
O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now, O Rādhā,  
Madhu's slayer !

Consult your jar-shaped breast on which are spotless streams of necklaces,  
Which quivers undulating on the waves, the surging force of passion!  
O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now, O Rādhā,  
Madhu's slayer!

Your friends are all aware, you rogue, that you are ready for love's conflict,  
Go, your belt aloud with bells, shameless, amorous, to the meeting!  
O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now, O Rādhā  
Madhu's slayer!

O you with arrows of Love for nails, leaning on your friend, seductive  
Go to Hari, his ways are known, and know him by his bracelets' tinkling!  
O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now, O Rādhā,  
Madhu's slayer!

May this song of Jayadeva dwell upon the necks of people  
Given to Hari, necks the beauty of their necklaces surpassing.  
O foolish woman, follow him who looks with favour now, O Rādhā,  
Madhu's slayer!

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She will see me, her speech that of love, herself in the bliss of a close  
embrace, intimate, limb to limb, sporting in dalliance,  
O friend, having come!  
Full of this thought the lover he sees her, imagining, in the grove in  
a mass of deep darkness,  
And he trembles, thrilled, feels glad, perspires, and attempts to step  
forward, and swoons.

beautiful, a robe of black, the darkness which has caused them to smear on  
their eyelids black unguent,  
And wreaths of clusters of *tapiccha* blossoms over their ears and garlands of  
dark coloured lotuses over their heads and streaks of musk  
across their bosoms, O friend,  
The darkness embracing the limbs of those beautiful rogues, the herd-girls,  
excited, in haste to go to the tryst.

Dark like tender *tamāla* leaves the darkness shaped with an outline every-  
where by the flashing clusters of jewels of the women gone  
to the tryst,  
The women whose bodies are yellow with saffron,  
The darkness the touchstone, the test of the gold of his love.

Then in the entrance to his hut in the thicket, lit by the central gems of his  
gold belt's pendant and the gems of his garland and on his  
anklets and earrings,  
She pointed out Hari to Rādhā her friend, Rādhā so shy, and said :

2. To the melody *Varāṇḍī* and the  
accompaniment *Rūpaka*

O you who bear on your face the smile that comes of the ardour of passion,  
Sport with him whose love-abode is the floor of the beautiful bower !  
O Rādhā, go to Mādhava, go in here !

O you whose necklaces tremble upon your breast resembling a pitcher,  
Sport there where the bed of lustrous *asoka* sprouts is a treasure !  
O Rādhā, go to Mādhava, go in here !

O you whose body, tender and soft, resembles tender blossoms,  
Sport there in that beautiful place, an abode made of heaps of flowers !  
O Rādhā, go to Mādhava, go in here !

O you who fear in alarm the shafts of desire falling in showers,  
Sport in that place which is lovely and cool with Malayan breezes blowing !  
O Rādhā, go to Mādhava, go in here !

O you the curves of whose lovely hips are heavy and full of languor,  
Sport long in that place so dense with sprouts of many widespreading  
creepers !  
O Rādhā, go to Mādhava, go in here !

O you whose heart is full of the longings of him whose arrows are  
flowers,  
Sport in that place which is filled with the sound of bees who delight in  
sweetness !  
O Rādhā, go to Mādhava, go in here !

O Mura's foe bestow a hundred blessings on Jayadeva,  
The king of the kings of poets, who sang your praises and made for  
Padmāvatī a happy circle !  
O Rādhā, go to Mādhava, go in here !

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He is tired, having borne you so long in his heart, he is burnt by Love, and  
desires to drink of your lips contracted with nectar ;  
So adorn his lap for a moment here in this place that was given in fear to  
your slave, your slave who was bought with a little part of  
the wealth of a frown,  
Your slave who has worshipped your lotus foot.

Her eyes to Govinda turning desirous, anxious and with delight  
She entered the abode of Love, her beautiful anklets tinkling.

3. *To the melody Varodi and the  
accompaniment Yati*

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long wanted  
dalliance,  
Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed and who was possessed  
with Desire,  
Hari on whose body the waves of many changes appeared at the sight of  
her face  
Like the ocean in dance with its waves ascending when seeing the face of  
the moon.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long wanted  
dalliance,  
Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed and who was possessed  
with Desire,  
After embracing her long and ardently, Hari with his necklace of pearls,  
Hari like the Jamna in a mighty flood with its necklace of specks of  
foam.



She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long wanted  
dalliance,  
Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed and who was possessed  
with Desire,  
On Hari whose body was dark and tender, clothed in a garment of yellow,  
Like a lotus blue-coloured whose centre is circled around by a mass  
of pollen.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long wanted  
dalliance,  
Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed and who was possessed  
with Desire,  
Who engendered passion with his face made lovely through tremblings of  
glancing eyes,  
Like a pond in autumn with a pair of wagtails at play in a fullblown  
lotus.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long wanted  
dalliance,  
Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed, and who was possessed  
with Desire,  
Who was adorned with earrings like suns come to clasp his lotus of a  
face,  
And who for her lips—with a sweet smile gleaming, lovely, like sprouts  
—felt a longing.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long wanted  
dalliance,  
Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed, and who was possessed  
with Desire,  
Whose hair had beautiful flowers, like a cloud with moonbeams studded  
within,  
And whose brow had the sandal spot unblemished, like the disc of the  
moon in the dark.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long wanted  
dalliance,  
Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed, and who was possessed  
with Desire,  
Whose body was thrilling all over, restless, because of his skill in love,  
Whose body was lovely because of the ornaments, flashings of many gems.

She looked on Hari who desired only her, on him who for long wanted  
dalliance,  
Whose face with his pleasure was overwhelmed, and who was possessed  
with Desire.  
O people, place Hari for ever in your hearts, Hari the source of all merit,  
By whom, in the wealth of Jayadeva's poem, all beauty of art has been  
doubled!



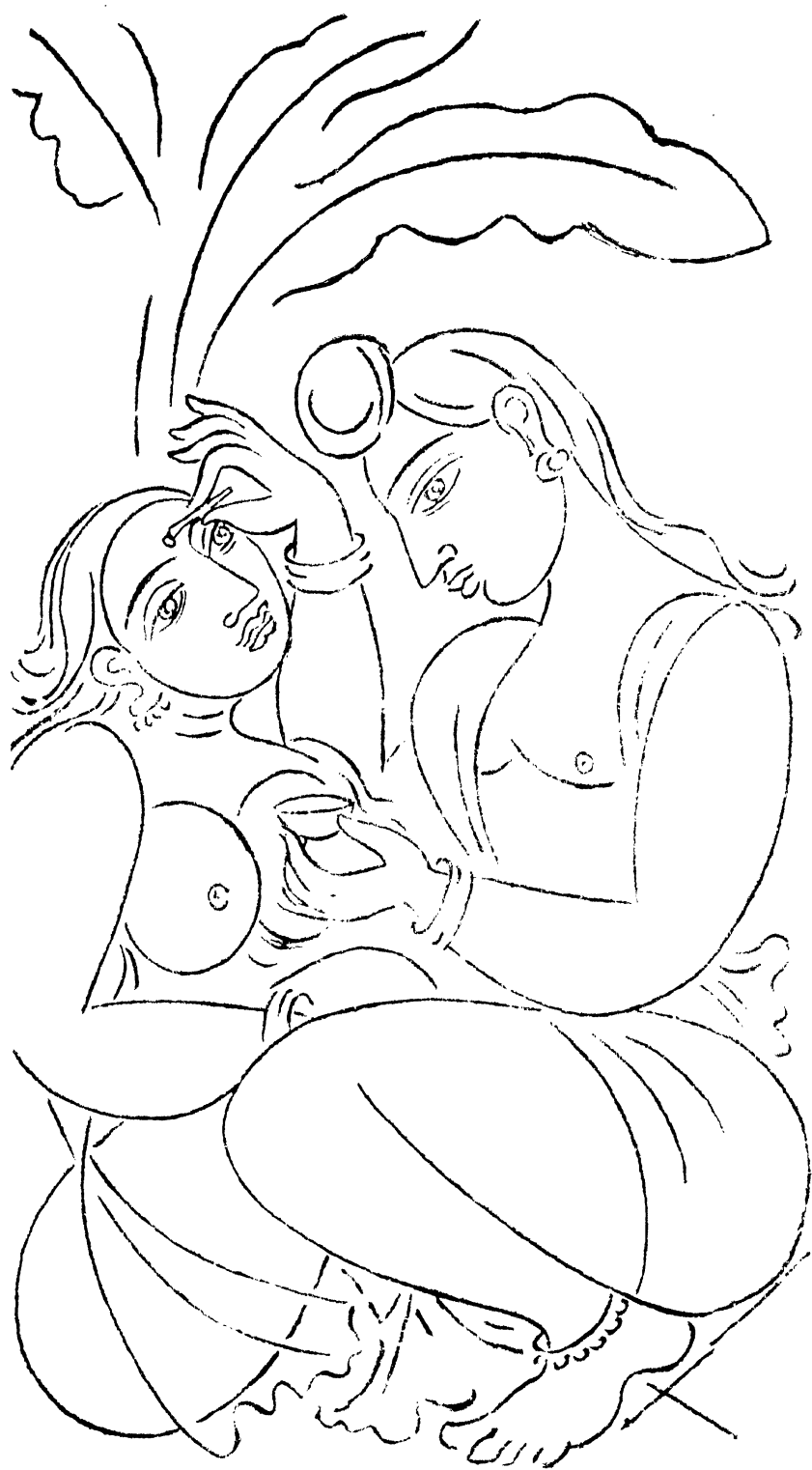
Like the gushing of the shower of sweat in the effort of her travel to come  
to his hearing,  
Rādhā's eyes let fall a shower of tears when she met her beloved,  
Tears of delight which went to the ends of her eyes and fell on her flawless  
necklace.

When she went near the couch and her friends left the bower, scratching  
their faces to hide their smiles,  
And she looked on the mouth of her loved one, lovely with longing, under  
the power of love,  
The modest shame of that deer-eyed one departed.

May Nanda's son be happy to show you infinite joy,  
Nanda's son laying gentle hands on Rādhā, and placing her in his arms, and  
suddenly stirred and embracing her close,  
And looking round over his back, craning his neck, and fearing, "May her  
firm high breasts not pierce and break through my body!"

The rod-like punishing arm of Mura's slayer prevails,  
That arm which drips with the blood of the demon, playfully killed,  
Kūvalayāpida, elephant-like, that arm upon which the goddess of victory  
scattered the *mandāra* flowers,  
That arm self-marked, as it were, with lac, the blood, the sign of the joy of  
fighting the demon.

## XII Suprītapiṭāmbaraḥ



When the group of her friends had departed, Hari looked on his  
sweetheart Rādhā, she who was amorous, her eyes on the  
couch of flowers, a smile of desire on her lip,  
Rādhā released of her heavy load of shame, and he said :

1. *To the melody Vibhāsa and the  
accompaniment Ekātālī*

O you woman with desire, place upon this patch of flower-strewn floor your  
lotus foot, upon this bed of sprouts,  
And let your foot through beauty win, contending with the bed's appearance,  
this bed of sprouts which is so fair to see !  
To me who am Nārāyaṇa,\* O be attached, now always yours ! O follow  
me, my little Rādhā !

You came here journeying from afar, enduring much, so with my lotus  
flowers of hands I shall adore your feet ;  
Use me always on the bed, me, valiant in being attached, as if I were an  
anklet for your use !  
To me who am Nārāyaṇa, O be attached, now always yours ! O follow  
me, my little Rādhā !

Make pleasant conversation now and make complacent speech like drops of  
nectar falling from your face, the moon ;  
As if it were the garment on your bosom which conceals your breasts, I  
shall remove the pain of being parted !  
To me who am Nārāyaṇa, O be attached, now always yours ! O follow  
me, my little Rādhā !

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\* Viṣṇu.

To extinguish now my fire of passion lay your breast upon my bosom,  
place your jar-shaped breast against my breast,  
Which seemed so hard for me to have, your lovely breast, elusive, and  
impatient for the pleasures of embrace !  
To me who am Nārāyaṇa, O be attached, now always yours! O follow  
me, my little Rādhā !

O lovely woman, give me now the nectar of your lips, infuse new life into  
this slave of yours, so dead,  
This slave whose heart is placed in you, whose body burned in separation,  
this slave denied the pleasures of your love!  
To me who am Nārāyaṇa, O be attached, now always yours! O follow  
me, my little Rādhā !

O moon-face woman, make the bells upon your jewelled girdle tinkle,  
mimicking the noises of your throat,  
And now at last destroy that pain of those from loved ones severed—the  
agony of listening to the cuckoos!  
To me who am Nārāyaṇa, O be attached, now always yours! O follow  
me, my little Rādhā !

Your eye now looked upon by me extinguishes that me which was embodi-  
ment of very shame itself,  
Me made unhappy by your anger undeserved, me made to feel so uselessly  
the agony of longing!  
To me who am Nārāyaṇa, O be attached, now always yours! O follow  
me, my little Rādhā !

Among all tasteful people may this song of Jayadeva create a state of  
passionate delight,  
This poem which in every verse proclaims the satisfaction in the pleasure of  
the love of Madhu's slayer.  
To me who am Nārāyaṇa, O be attached, now always yours! O follow  
me, my little Rādhā !

Their love play grown great was very delightful, the love play where thrills  
were a hindrance to firm embraces,  
Where their helpless closing of eyes was a hindrance to longing looks at  
each other, and their secret talk to their drinking of each the  
other's nectar of lips, and where the skill of their love was  
hindered by boundless delight.

She performed as never before throughout the course of the conflict of  
love, to win, lying over his beautiful body, to triumph over  
her lover ;  
And so through taking the active part her thighs grew lifeless, and languid  
her vine-like arms, and her heart beat fast, and her eyes  
grew heavy and closed ;  
For how may women prevail in the male performance !

In the morning most wondrous, the heart of her lord was smitten with  
arrows of Love, arrows which went through his eyes,  
Arrows which were her nailed-scratched bosom, her reddened sleep-denied  
eyes, her crimson lips from a bath of kisses, her hair dis-  
arranged with the flowers awry, and her girdle all loose and  
slipping.  
With hair knot loosened and stray locks waving, her cheeks perspiring, her  
glitter of *bimba* lips impaired,  
And the necklace of pearls not appearing fair because of her jar-shaped  
breast being denuded,  
And her belt, her glittering girdle, dimmed in beauty,  
And all of a sudden placing her hands on her naked breasts, and over her  
naked loins, to hide them, and looking embarrassed ;  
Even so, with her tender loveliness ravaged, she continued to please !



The happy one drank of the face where the lips were washed with the  
juice of his mouth,

His mouth half open uttering amorous noises, vague and delirious, the rows  
of teeth in the breath of an indrawn sigh delightedly  
chattering.

Drank of the face of that deer-eyed woman whose body lay helpless  
released of excessive delight, the thrilling delight of embraces  
making the breasts both flaccid and firm.

Then Rādhā—free of love's obstacles, Rādhā whose lover lay prone in her  
power, exhausted through pleasure of love—

Said with a wish for adornment :

2. *To the melody Ramakari and the  
accompaniment Yati*

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,  
O delight of the Yadus, depict here and make a design, a pattern, with musk  
on my breast,

My breast the twin of the festal pitcher of love, depict with your hand  
which is cool !

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,  
O loved one, renew the kohl on my eyelids, shaming a cluster of bees,  
being blacker,

The kohl you have smudged with your kisses, the black on my eyelids  
releasing the arrows of Love !

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,  
O you appavelled so lovely, wear on the lobes of your ears earrings which  
    shame  
Your dancing deer-eyes, on the lobes of your ears which bear the noose of  
    the play of Desire!

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,  
Adorn the curl on my brow which puts the lotus to shame, my spotless  
    brow,  
The curl which brings about laughter, which makes on my beautiful fore-  
    head a cluster of bees!

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,  
O lotus face, make a beautiful spot on my forehead, a spot with the paste  
    of the sandal,  
Like a digit of the hare-marked moon, make on the moon of my brow, which  
    is sweating no more!

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,  
O giver of pride, on my tresses, untidy now on account of desire, place  
    flowers,  
My curls, excelling the feathers of peacocks, in which the whisk is the ban-  
    ner of Love!

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,  
O you with a beautiful heart, place on my hips the girdle, the clothes, and  
    the jewels—  
Cover my beautiful loins, luscious and firm, the cavern of Love to be  
    feared!

She said to the joy of her heart, the delight of the Yadus,  
Full of compassion, O place your heart in the words of the song of  
    Śrī Jayadeva  
Ridding with nectar this sinful age of its fever recalling the feet of Hari!

Make a pattern upon my breasts and a picture on my cheeks and fasten  
    over my loins a girdle,  
Bind my masses of hair with a beautiful garland and place many bracelets  
    upon my hands and jewelled anklets upon my feet!  
And so he who wore the yellow garment did as she told him.

Whatever is of the condition of love's discernment shown with beauty in  
    poetic form, and all skill in the art of heaven's musicians, and  
    all of reflection on Viṣṇu,  
All such you may joyfully see, wise people, in this the song of the Lord of  
    Herds, made by the poet devoted to him, the wise Jayadeva.

May the art of poetry seen in this poem be in the mouths of those who are  
    dear to Parāśara and the others,  
This poem of Śrī Jayadeva the son of Rāmādevī and Śrī Bhojadeva.  
Jayadeva's words of insight wherever known, like love's own glorious  
    flavour,  
There, O drink, not pleasant is the thought of you any more; and hardly  
    sweet you become, O sugar; and who, O wine, would want to  
    look on you?  
O nectar, you are no more immortal; and like water you taste, O milk; and  
    you have to lament, O mango; and cease to compare,  
    O beautiful lip.

May pure and unclouded joy and prosperity come from the movements of  
hands of the Best of Men, amorous hands delighting in  
breasts resembling the *prayāga* fruit,

Hands in performance of many forms of amorous play with Rādhā beside  
the Jamna.

On the bank where coquettish tresses were waving, at the tryst where  
his black hair mixed with her necklace of pearls, where the  
dark Jamna meets the Ganges' white stream at Prayāga.

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